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FOR THE

Woman's Union Missionary Society of America

FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

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As we are beginning our winter's work we trust our warm friends will remember with especial zeal and favor our MEMORIAL YEAR, and help the good cause by devising new methods to interest others. Responses came very readily before our appeals had been widely circulated, but surely we may look for great ingathering as our plans mature for the celebration of our twenty-first birthday.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

INDIA—Calcutta.

Letter from Miss HOOK.

GODS MANY.

Zenana teachers are sowing a large proportion of the seed that will grow up and fill this land. We venture to prophesy that the women of India will yet take the initiative in the conversion of the nation. As for the Babus, they are without excuse, for Calcutta is well supplied with colleges, where hundreds of young men may receive as good an education as our

young men in England and America. They know that their religion is a miserable mass of confusion and falsehood, but alas ! their characters have not been formed on Bible truths, and every nation without that must be degraded. Could those at home who talk so loudly about civilization elevating a people reside here for a while, they would soon change their views. Their holy books are vile, and their religious practices and their worship most degrading.

We learn from the most ancient shasters of the Hindus, that in the early ages they believed in one God, and did not bow down to idols, but were eminently a religious people. But before they came from Central Asia to occupy India, they had commenced deifying horses and natural objects. Not content with one God, they must have *three hundred and thirty-three million!* Their ancient books contain some beautiful hymns and prayers to one Supreme Being ; but as time advanced,—not having any divine revelation to guide them,—they began to lose sight of the Invisible Maker and to worship visible objects, such as the sun, moon, fire, wind, water. Alas, how low the human heart can sink when left to its own imaginations !

Calcutta is said to have taken its name from Kali, and Kali's Ghat, in the suburbs of Calcutta, is one of the chief places for her worship. The Hindu shasters give Brahm or Brahma as the creator of the world. After this he makes Vishnu the preserver of all things, and then retires, or, as some say, goes to sleep on a lotus leaf. He is worshipped little, but Vishnu, being considered as more interested in the affairs of the universe, is very universally worshipped. Of the ten incarnations of Vishnu, I shall write some other time. Siva, the third person of the trinity, is the destroyer, and is not less worshipped than Vishnu. His chief characteristics are severity and sensuality. He is depicted as sitting on a mountain lost in meditation, wearing a necklace of human skulls ; his hair is entwined with serpents that cling around his neck. His wife was at first called Durgha or Durga. She dies because her father reproaches her husband, and is born again, and at different peri-

ods has many different names. One was Kali, signifying black, and her history is as follows :

There was a very troublesome demon, and Siva being requested to destroy him, sent his wife to do it. If in killing the demon, one drop of his blood should fall upon the ground, thousands of demons would spring up to torment the world. So they went up in the air, and there a terrible battle was fought. Kali was finally victorious, and cut off his head, but lest his blood should fall to the earth, she drank it. After thus getting a taste of blood, she became so furious that she went on killing every thing that came in her way, until the gods, in alarm for the safety of the world, besought Siva to stop his wife in her proceedings. Siva repaired to the place, but his wife was not to be caught, so he resorted to stratagem. Knowing her fondness for a certain kind of liquor, he placed little cups of it all along the road he expected her to come, and then lay down to await her. His trick was quite successful. She came along drinking, and before she was aware of her husband's presence, she stepped on his body, and, in shame, put out her tongue. Hence she is represented as a hideous, black woman, with her tongue hanging out. The Hindus, when they are ashamed, put out their tongues in imitation of Kali. Her fighting so long very near the sun is the cause of her being blacker than Durga. I have never witnessed the rites of Kali Ghat, but they are very disgusting. Many goats are sacrificed to her. The worship of Kali is lucrative to the priests. Her tongue is always of gold, and at stated periods a collection is made from the people to give her a new tongue, and the old one goes to the priests. All classes of Hindus make rich offerings to the shrine of Kali. These pay their devotions to Kali in order to secure her assistance in carrying on their villainous designs : at the same time they are not afraid to make depredations upon her person and shrine, and more than once she has been robbed of her precious ornaments. Notwithstanding she has power to destroy giants and demons, she cannot protect her shrine from spoliation. Kali-poojah occurs in October or November as regulated by the moon, and com-

memorates her victory over two giants and their agents. A great many stories are told of Kali; some rather conflicting, but all agree that she slaughtered many victims. She is always represented with their heads formed in a garland about her neck. On one occasion, after slaying two giants, Shoombla and Nesheomhler, it is said, with a human head in her hand she danced on the corpses of her victims until, in her ecstatic joy, she shook the earth to its foundations, and at the request of the gods, Siva was obliged to repair to the spot to persuade her to desist or to dance more moderately. The Hindu shasters contain so much trash that one wonders that they could make any impression on any one with common sense. Stranger still that a people should think of satisfying the cravings of their souls with such gods as objects of worship; but, poor things, they have never tasted any thing better.

As for the women, few of them know any thing beyond the names of the gods to which they bow, but custom has its iron rule, and God alone can break it down.

Letters from Miss SUNDER.

CUSTOM A TYRANT.

I saw a painful sight a short time ago. I had heard and read of people being taken down to the Ganges to die, but never saw such a spectacle until a crowd stopped my way in the street. It was a procession of Brahmins carrying an old man to the river; he lay on a Charpoy or native cot with his hands crossed on his chest, breathing gently. The bearers were evidently his near relations, and they were dressed just as they would be for a funeral procession. They did not bear the cot on their shoulders but just about a foot from the ground. I turned to the native teacher who was with me and she told me all the forms they would go through, which are almost too dreadful to write. They would lay the poor old man on the banks with his feet as far as his knees in water, and they would put

the river mud on his face, and pour water on his nose and mouth, saying, "Horie Bole, Horie Bole," till he died. If he seemed to linger long they would break the great toe of his right foot, as they believed the life was in it. I was full of indignation over this sight, and was telling one of my pupils about it, saying at the time how wrong it was. She agreed with me and then said: "Look here, mama, our Bengali young men go and study medicine at the Medical College, they pass out as doctors and begin to practise, but with all the knowledge they have, they keep to the old customs, and when they see there is no further hope of life, they say, 'There is no more time, take him to the ghat.'"

HEART SEARCHING.

Aug. 5th.—I have often written of that poor dear pupil of mine who has a dreadfully intemperate man for a husband. While having a talk with her last Friday I spied out a tract full of prayers I had given her some time ago. Taking it up I questioned her to see if she knew what was in it, and she replied it was full of prayers, and that she read them every morning. I told her I thought she was saying so only to please me, but she said, "No, I always pray, and if as a little girl I had been taught all I know now I could never have been a Hindu; I assure you I never will utter the names of the gods. My child is called Horie, and according to rule I ought to call on this god to bless him; but I do not, and for this my mother-in-law scolds me very often." I asked her what she used to do before I gave her these prayers. To this she said: "You taught me the Lord's Prayer, so every morning before I get out of bed I say it quietly to myself, and after the cooking and day's work are over, I read through all the prayers in the slip." One is a morning prayer, another for the Holy Spirit, a third to be kept from sin and forgiven it, and another just before reading the Scriptures. It is wonderful how she manages to read her chapter in the Gospel of St. Mark, and know it so thoroughly before I go again, when she talks about it as freely as if she knew it by heart. I

asked her one day what she would do if her husband died, as her family are most unkind to her. She led me to understand she would be an open follower of Christ. I asked her how she would leave her boy, to which she replied: "God has given Christ for me, and I am sure in His own time He will restore my boy." Perhaps the believing wife will save the unbelieving husband. Her sorrows are many and terrible, but prayer sustains her greatly.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

The Lord is good, and He gives us much to cheer us, and often it comes just when we need it. One of my scholars was very ill indeed, and after school I went to see her. She lay perfectly exhausted, but recognized me and seemed pleased with some roses I took her. Her mother told me, with tears in her eyes, that while tossing with fever in her delirium, she talked of her school and wanted to get up and go to it. During another visit her mother told me that she had been reading with a lady for about twelve or thirteen years; at first she said she could not understand the Gospel, but for the last ten years she had, and it was a great comfort to her. She gave me some instances of prayer answered, and very sweetly and simply told of her love and trust in Jesus. One thing she wanted to ask. Would her love and trust in Jesus in her own home secure her salvation? I showed her that Jesus had come to save us, and that when we received and loved and trusted Him truly we were His disciples. She spoke of Him as a personal friend, and said that all her people regarded her as a Christian. She in no wise followed any of their heathenish customs. Several were in the room, yet she spoke freely, and they seemed used to it, and interested themselves. She felt that the Lord would restore her child, yet she could leave it to Him. She was a sweet, gentle creature, and all this was more drawn from her than volunteered. How many such hidden ones the Lord may have! The glorious harvest cannot be very far off!

Kind friends in England have sent me what I have long been wishing for: a small portable harmonium that I could carry about from house to house, and sing for the women, and hold a sort of evangelistic service. It affords me much happiness to know all the pleasure it will give, as also what an attraction it will be.

Letter from Miss Coles.

INTERRUPTIONS TO WORK.

In one house where I teach there was a great festival, and when, with difficulty, I reached the gate entrance, I found that my little pupil would not read. I wished much to see who were upstairs and what they were doing, and when I went into the room where I usually teach and found about thirty women and girls seated on the floor, I sat down and spoke to them for a little while, and then asked if they would not like to hear a hymn sung. As they all exclaimed with one voice that they would, I began, when a great noise of drum-beating and singing was heard in the outer court. It was almost deafening, and so I asked if they could not stop it for a while. They said, "Oh! no; the god has come." I could not find out exactly what the poojah (worship) was for or about, as they have so many kinds. The old women all went out of the room at once, and the younger ones wished much to stay with me and hear the hymns. They did not seem to care at all about the god that had come, but they were all very soon hurried out against their will to join in this noise and sight-seeing. I am always thankful for meetings like this, for we have another opportunity of speaking a few good words to our dear girls.

In another large three-story house I teach three pupils. When I had nearly finished, a woman came into the room to hear a hymn sung, as she said she had heard that I sang well. I sang three, and explained what they were about, and she said at the end: "Oh, mem sahib, I wish to think of God more and love Him too, but I have so many children they take all my time, and I scarcely find time to say my prayers." I spoke to

her some time about her soul, and she was silent and thoughtful, and promised to come again and have me read to her. I used to teach this woman's sister-in-law upstairs, but her husband put a stop to her lessons, as he found her too thoughtful about Scripture truths. I was very sorry to lose her as a pupil, as she was sweet and affectionate and took great pains to please me with her lessons. She comes down from the third floor, where are her quarters, and sits by me for a little while while I am teaching.

Letter from Mrs. Page.

IN THE ORPHANS' HOME.

I have had a happy, peaceful day in the midst of my large family, a family a little larger than that of Jacob at the time of his journey into Egypt. If they were always as good as they have been to-day, I should have nothing left to wish for concerning them all. We have had a prayer-meeting to-night, and I addressed the orphans for a few moments from the verse, "Nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net." After speaking, I asked one of the girls to lead in prayer, and was impressed and touched to hear her say: "O Lord, give us grace to take the words we have just heard, and carry them reverently and affectionately on our heads!" This is a thoroughly Eastern mode of thought, but impressive, is it not? When they speak of surprise, they say, "Standing still, with the hands folded"; being idle is simply "sitting." This used to amuse me very much when I first engaged in zenana work. I am striving to cultivate a taste for reading in this household, and I often give them faint outlines of some book I have read, in order to excite in them a desire to read the same. My native teacher is fond of books. I have just begun to collect a Bengali library for the use of the school, and hope that it will prove a great success.

INDIA—Allahabad.

Letters from Miss LATHROP.

EXAMPLE FOLLOWED.

Aug. 1st.—The dear child who in school five years ago so earnestly desired to confess Christ in baptism, has now returned to this station a grown woman and married. There are influences working which we hope may before long make it possible for this desire of her heart to be fulfilled. Under adverse circumstances she has all these years remained faithful, and I hope her mother will now help, instead of hindering, her coming out, if the way opens at all plainly. Pray all may be guided in doing what is right, and will be for the best. One of our former schoolgirls has just opened a school for Hindi-speaking children in her own home. I went to see her quite unexpectedly, and found her drilling the little ones on the same collection of Bible verses she had learned, and explaining them as had been done to her. I think she will do well, better than the majority of older teachers who had not themselves been much in school. The children are like little wild animals, ignorant of every thing they ought to know, and as easily frightened as sheep. When I stepped into the room some scampered away, and others sat staring at me with their great black eyes full of wonder as to what would come next. Before I came out most of them gained confidence to repeat the alphabet to me, and the one Bible verse they had committed to memory, "God so loved the world," etc.

A PRECIOUS TREASURE.

Aug. 28th.—We now number 14 missionaries in Allahabad, and are visiting in the city and villages nearly 275 families. Is it not cause for thankfulness that we can enter so many of these doors so long closed to any outside influence, and that we can freely teach salvation through Christ? I think of it with wonder as well as rejoicing. We ought to make the best possible use of our time and opportunities, as it may be this state of things will not always last. It might be the case with large

classes of people, as it is now sometimes with individuals, that visiting might not be allowed. I remember once being called to a house in Calcutta, where the woman brought me a very old copy of "Peep of Day" in Bengali, and told me its history. Some years before, a baptism had taken place, and the men were frightened, and destroyed, as they thought, all the books belonging to the women, but this one was saved by its owner, who hid it. Having no place secure enough, she had continually changed it from place to place, and when she had the opportunity she fastened the door of her room and read from it as well as she could, spelling out the words. I offered her a new book in place of the old one, as I thought I would like that to keep, but she preferred hers, as it had been such a comfort she felt no other would be the same. She was very much pleased that the restriction had been removed, and she could learn again. As I came away she told me she had prayed that a lady might be allowed to come and teach her more, and now I must not forget her. I thought it was in answer to her prayer that we were allowed entrance to her, and to several others living under the same roof. As long as I knew her, she was a very interested listener to the truth.

Letter from Miss Roderick.

A MOTHER'S MOTIVE.

One of my pupils is a widow rather advanced in years, but, unlike the majority of women, has great independence of character; and although she wishes to conform to all the rules prescribed for in her religion, she also professes to obey the dictates of her own conscience even when at variance with the customs of her country or creed. This year, when the usual fair was held at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, her friends tried to persuade her to remain a month, which is the time fixed for the bathers to avail themselves of the privilege of visiting the sacred spot. My pupil was strongly urged to go, first because she was a widow, and also because it was necessary she should atone for a sin which, according to her religion, she had com-

mitted after she became a widow, when on a fast day she drank water while ill. This last made her consider the matter seriously for a while, but home duties were far too sacred for her to neglect, even for the great privilege of living by the banks of the sacred stream and bathing in its waters. I took an opportunity of speaking to her of a Father's love which could not bear to see His children suffer in vain. "You are right," she answered; "God is love, and what I did was my duty, but it was also a sin." This unphilosophical mode of reasoning that actual duty and sin could be synonymous, is nothing strange to the Hindu mind, partly because of the contradictions of their religious belief and their own conservative natures, which cling to what has been the religion of their country for centuries. The widow is reading with me, with the hope of imparting what she learns to her daughter, who lives in a place where there is no opportunity for study. Her husband has become a Jogee (religious beggar), and every thing that has been done by the joint efforts of his wife's people has failed to make him give up his wandering life as a Fakeer. But, like a faithful mother, my pupil is spending her time diligently in learning to read and do fancy work, which might help her daughter to spend many a weary hour of idleness pleasantly and profitably.

Miss Ghose writes: "For two evenings we noticed women congregating at the head of a lane that runs by the side of our house, and singing. As it was quite close to our gate, two of us walked out last evening to ask what was the matter. We saw them sitting in a circle, each with a brass vessel before her. On my asking what was the matter, one of the women, who seemed to be the leader, answered: 'God is thirsty, so we have come to give him water under the neem tree and sing to him; when he gets cool all this sickness will go.' I asked one of my Bos to-day why they chose the 'neem' tree. She said the Hindustanee people call small-pox, cholera, etc., 'matha,' and they think that this goddess 'Matha' lives on this tree, so whenever there are any of these diseases going about they pour water at the roots of this tree, and put flowers as an offering to 'Matha.'"

INDIA—Cawnpore.

Letter from Miss WARD.

WAYSIDE FRIENDS.

At the women's ghat (bathing-place) on the river Ganges we scatter books and tracts to be taken home by the women. Some who cannot read, say their sons or friends will read to them. We reach here many whose bigoted friends prevent their opening the zenanas to us, though the women themselves would do it. It is sometimes very sad to see the poor sin-hardened and sorrow-stricken women doing all they can to get relief. One poor woman's face often haunts me. She was tall, thin, and very sickly, and yet week after week she would walk a long distance, carrying her plate of flowers and basket of grain, and after bathing in the sacred stream and throwing her offering to the waves, would sit apparently in a state of complete abstraction a long time. I have tried to talk to her, but she appeared not to listen, and once, when she raised her eyes to look at me, she gave an impatient shrug, as though she wished not to be troubled. When she would pass the crowd which had collected around us, it was with head lowered, as though she did not wish her attention at all distracted. She would go on the street in the same way, stopping here and there by some idol's temple or priestly beggar's stand to give a few grains of wheat. I have often wondered who she was and what trouble she had, but did not wish to intrude upon her, thinking that in time she would soften and listen willingly to our words. If there is any thing in reciprocity of feeling, she must some time turn to us, as my heart warms with love to her and the wish to do her good. There are but few cases like this.

Many give us a warm welcome, and say, "We have looked for you often when you do not come," and some take special notice of the day and hour when we usually visit the place, so that they may come at the same time. The other day, while in one of the narrow streets of the native city, I met a woman who said smilingly, "Oh, I know you, because I have seen you at the ghats," and so I had a few words with her. When the

friends are willing, we often follow the women to their homes, and, if they wish it, teach them to read. If you had been with me this morning, when I visited one of our little schools, I think you would have been pleased with the attention of the children. Even some of the smallest can answer the simple questions in the catechism, and they were learning the verse, "God so loved the world," etc. The Hindustanees learn to sing the Christian hymns quite readily, much more so than the Bengalis. I think their women, as a rule, are not so secluded as the Bengalis, but they are just as degraded. We have pupils among the East Indians, Bengalis, Mohammedans, Hindustanees, Jews, and I will soon number a Parsee among them. We take in, as far as we are able, whatever work among the women we can find.

Miss HARRIS writes: "This is the rainy season, and, according to custom, swings are most in abundance. In every house a swing is put up. The Bengali women seldom use these, but it is a favorite amusement of the Mohammedans and the Hindus, men and women. In a day or two there will be a grand festival of the Hindus. This is intended only for children, but all women take part in it. The girls are busy preparing rag dolls. These dolls are to be dressed in bright red and yellow cloths, and put out of doors; the boys then come and beat them with small sticks, after which they go to the nearest place of water and throw all the rag dolls in. For two months after this great event, girls are supposed not to play with dolls."

JAPAN—Yokohama.

Letter from Miss FLETCHER.

A HAPPY OCCASION.

July 5th.—The 25th of June we celebrated as the tenth anniversary of the arrival of our first missionaries in Japan, Mrs. Pruyn, Mrs. Pierson, and Miss Crosby. We had a quiet time in-doors, as it was raining, and after tea we held a little reception in the parlor, the girls being the only invited guests. For the little ones we had games and stories till their bedtime, and after other amusements for the older ones, we held a prayer and praise meeting. In writing of this day, one of the girls says: "I often wonder how could our dear teachers leave their dear father and mother in the distant land, and what a great love it is in them to live in distant land which they do not know. When I think that they are the gifts of God, they are so precious that I am afraid to displease them; but as I am not good girl, I often do so." In this she expresses what is felt by most of our dear girls, in their sense of the goodness of the Lord to them; and in their love for and consideration of their teachers, it becomes a gratifying recognition of personal effort on their part for the good of the scholars.

INCREASE OF RESULTS.

In the latter part of the summer I hope to be in Hakone, the name of a range of mountains lying between Fryisan and the Pacific coast. The main route of travel down the coast passes over the mountains, on the summit of which are the village and lake of the same name. There are higher points of the range, rising on all sides, and completely shutting the village in, and it is hardly proper to speak of its being on the summit of the mountains, but, at any rate, it is among the clouds, and the prominent point of interest to travellers. Mrs. Pierson and the Bible-readers have kept up a good work in the neighborhood of Hakone. By the kind provision of friends, some of the girls are every year supplied with funds to carry on this work, and this year, as usual, two of them are going up to the mountains

under the care of some one of us, where they will remain during the vacation. The people there, as one would expect in a wild mountainous country, are low, ignorant, and superstitious to a most miserable degree, and until within two or three years little, if any, impression has been made upon them by missionaries. Now, however, there is something of encouragement in the desire of some to hear the Word, and the outspoken belief of others in its truth and power. Vacation does not bring a cessation of labor, though there is leisure from the busier school life. Opportunity is afforded for getting out among the people, and to ourselves the physical, mental, and spiritual good is incalculable. You will be interested to know that Mrs. Pierson has translated Miss Havergal's consecration hymn,

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,"

into Japanese, and a lady in another Mission in this city has done the same with the hymn beginning, "I gave My life for thee." Our opportunities increase each year, and in school and outside work we have only cause for thankfulness and encouragement.

Japanese Christians are beginning to see that they have a work to do, and that the increase of their strength is to be used, not simply in making a stand for the truth, but to attack error. With this conviction, a movement was begun in the spring by the native Christians of Kiyoto, the former capital or residence of the Mikado, and now the stronghold of Buddhism. A large theatre was hired in which to have a grand mass-meeting. Twenty or more speakers were appointed, with such subjects as "The Creator," "True faith," "The saviour of the Buddhists compared with Jesus Christ," etc. The meeting continued from noon until eleven in the evening, with an intermission. The building is said to accommodate three thousand persons, and was filled during the whole time. Incited by this, the brethren in Tokio and Yokohama made a similar effort, with gratifying success. The audience was estimated from six to thirteen hundred, among whom were many Buddh-

ist priests. One of these, leaving off his sacerdotal garments, went in ordinary costume. He was recognized, however, and when he heard his religion assailed with powerful arguments, was seen to shed tears of impotent anger. Another went attended by some of his young acolytes, and heard an able speaker who had studied for the priesthood previous to his conversion to Christianity. His pointed sarcasm and well-aimed ridicule excited his audience frequently to laughter, and the companions of the priest found the contagion irresistible, but the priest's countenance was calm and unmoved until one shaft came straight and true from the quiver, and he, too, was compelled to join in the laughter.

There are no conversions such as we read of in the Acts of the Apostles, or hear of in the Telegu country in India, but, step by step, the truth is gaining, and, one by one, there are being added to the Church almost daily such as shall be saved.

Letter from Mrs. Viele.

A MOUNTAIN TRIP.

Receive my greeting from a little Japanese inn up in the mountains, more than a hundred and fifty miles from Yokohama. "But what are you doing up in the mountains, so far from home, at this season of the year?" I hear you say, so I rise to explain. And to do so I must go back to the starting-place and tell you that for some time past friends have been telling me that I was not quite myself and needed a change. * * * * * * * * * * * *

So, dressed in warm clothing, a short walking dress, and shoes that defy the weather, and accompanied by one of my little girls who could speak both languages with equal satisfaction, I started on a mountain tramp. The first day we went to Tokio, by cars, and remained over night to be ready to start very early next morning in the stage which was to take us the first sixty-seven miles of the journey. * * * It seemed strange not to be able to drop a word of Gospel seed now and

then, but we had brought with us a hundred copies of our Japanese paper, *Glad Tidings*, which we scattered by the wayside, and which were eagerly received and read. Arriving at the end of the first day's journey we were shown to a Japanese hotel, where one has no assured privacy. Curiosity brings people in and out of your room, on one pretence or another, constantly. If there was but one door, one could stand guard while the other was dressing or praying, but when every slide is a door, and there are several on each side of the room, one never knows at which point the next face will appear. Then, too, a common thing is to see a finger pressed through the paper slides and an eye applied to the aperture. * * *

After leaving the hotel the first six miles were travelled in *jinrikishas*. After this we began to go up the mountain, and the road becoming too precipitous for wheels we had to choose between *kagos* and pack-horses. As both modes were novel we concluded first to try horses. * * *

My horse was tied with a rope to that of the little girl, which was led, with another rope, by the owner, who walked quietly on ahead. * * * When we became tired of this mode we tried *kagos* for a change. This is a bamboo basket about as large around as a common-sized clothes-basket, sides not as high. The handles through which the pole is placed to rest on the coolies' shoulders are so low as to bring the pole in close proximity to your head.

I think I felt as though I was a week's wash which some one had sprinkled, rolled up, and packed in a clothes-basket, and when I had escaped from my prison and had mounted a horse again I felt as if I had been ironed and hung out in the sun to dry.

We have spent five days on the mountains, climbing up, up, up one side, then going down, down, down on the other, or zig-zagging along the mountain side, jogging along so slowly I could drink in the clear, pure air and feast my eyes on the ever-changing scenery.

And how I have enjoyed the woods in their fall dress! My heart was hungry for autumn leaves. I had seen nothing but

evergreens since I came to Japan, and I had begun to think, according to the unchanging customs of the country, even nature was cheated out of the brightness and glory of the changing foliage. But here I have found them in their ever-varying tints of gold and crimson, and I have feasted my eyes, and fed my heart, and returned thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. * * *

It was a pretty little village between two mountains where we rested over Sunday. We occupied a bright, sunshiny room at the back of the house, which opened into a little garden with a brook running through it close to our veranda. At the time of the regular service at home we climbed up the mountain, half a mile from the house, and with our Bible and hymn-book we had a little meeting alone with God, and I heard my little girl's Sunday-school lesson, which she had learned perfectly while travelling; and the mountains resounded with our songs of praise. While in the heathen home, where we saw many idols, and heard by the hour the vain repetition which the heathen use, and against which Christ warned His disciples, we set up an altar of prayer to the only true and living God, and observed the Christian Sabbath.

We have not seen a foreigner since we left Tokio, and though among strange scenes, and far removed from every familiar face and voice, we had no fear, but could say, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only maketh me to dwell in safety."

Letters from NATIVE BIBLE-READERS.

SHORINDA KATSU *writes:*

Not being yet recovered from illness I cannot go out a step walking, and therefore I do my duty earnestly in teaching the way of God to those who come to my house daily. They meet specially on Sunday and Wednesday, and I tell them about the Bible and hymns of praise. I rejoice that day after day the number of believers is increasing, and, so far as I am able, be-

lieving it my duty to labor at home, I speak earnestly to others and pray to God. Among many there are scarcely two or three who are true believers and who seem in earnest; but I rejoice, hopeful that in the future there will be many more. I humbly desire you to give my greetings to all believers. I desire to say many more things by some future (opportunity).

SHIN SUDZUKI *writes:*

We still continue to go to the same places, hoping that they will be convinced of the truth at last, and give their hearts to Christ. There is a woman in our meeting who is much interested in Christianity, and she reads very attentively the Japanese copy of the Gospel of Matthew that we gave her, and she asks questions about some things which she cannot understand. But she said she cannot profess her faith now, for all her relations dislike the religion of Christ and she finds it so hard to throw away the custom, which is practised in our country, of worshipping our forefathers. But we are praying to God to change her heart, so that she may be converted. The Sunday evening meeting which our native Christians hold in our schoolhouse is pretty well attended this year. The room is quite full always. But we regret there is not more spiritual revival of God's work made here in this city. But we hear some encouraging tidings from the laborers who are working in the countries. And I am glad to say that the Gospel of Christ is spreading in our country. I heard that from October, 1879, to April, 1880, there were one hundred and fifteen persons and fifteen children baptized in the Union churches that are in our country.

HISA SARAKI *writes:*

We have had very pleasant weekly meetings here with the members of different churches. The lectures were very touching and encouraging. As in our country, Christians are not permitted openly, from the government, to preach, so some of them are real in earnest to get liberty. I have found a new place to hold meetings. A number of women came and heard.

This meeting-place is one of the poor women's house, so the poor women who live in that neighborhood can come freely and hear. They told me that their children came to Miss Fletcher's Sunday-school; so some time they sing and talk about Sunday-school to them; but they cannot understand what children say, so they have been wishing to hear about Jesus, but as no one had gone to that neighborhood and held meetings before, so they have not had any good opportunity of hearing till I went there. I am very glad, for they welcomed me.

KANE SUDZUKI *writes:*

Since last Christmas several new meeting-places are opened to us, and those who heard us long ago without raising objections nor declaring faith, now began to excite somehow about embracing the faith in the mighty Saviour; so I am more busy than before. I go out for one place particularly for one afternoon, but by the way I stop here and there, as many places as I know they will receive me; so I am obliged to return sometimes in the evening. I must come home at the right time, but as it is pity to pass for time's sake a house into which I might stop and have a little talk, I cannot help returning late. That old woman of one of my meeting-places is yet alive, although she became weak and often gets sick. We see her increasing faith in Christ every time we visit. About three weeks ago I was asked to visit a woman who is very anxious to hear about the true salvation. I called on her twice. She seems very much interested. She is some relation to a man who died lately, having a strong faith in the Lord. He was one of the early Christians in Japan, and his name is Mr. Dun. While he was living, none of his family would attend the true religion, which he told and explained to them so tenderly and gently, hoping that they might be saved out of sin with him. His death was calm and peaceful, as he had nothing to sorry for his departure, only praying and believing for salvation of his family, and the Lord soon answered his prayers.

CYPRUS—Larnaca.

Letter from Mrs. FLUHART.

OUTSIDE INTEREST.

July 2, 1881. Our school examinations closed June 18, and were well attended throughout. The parents seemed greatly delighted with the progress of their children. The comments in the papers were very gratifying. The English classes on Friday were really quite home-like, and the Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner were much surprised to hear the smaller girls do so well in geography. I was astonished myself. But most of all that encouraged me is the apparent change in the conduct of some of our girls during the past two years. They read with interest God's Word, and I find them sometimes applying its rules to their actions. Their conversations with each other show that they are thinking. We have had this year in our pay-school twenty-seven girls from the best families of Cyprus. We have the promise of others for next year if we return. The Governor saw me a few nights ago, and said he was not situated to do any thing officially, but he would help personally, and while in England this summer would get help from friends. The next day he called on us with his staff and afterward sent me a letter, the copy of which I enclose. I am to send him particulars of ways in which friends may help us, and he has promised to do all he can. He is a Christian, and fully understands the object of the school, and will do nothing blindly.

Copy of letter from Sir ROBERT BIDDULPH:

"Government House, Cyprus, June 24, 1881.

"It is with much regret that I hear that there is a probability of your very useful work in Cyprus coming to an end in consequence of your Society being unable to find a lady to assist you. I trust that some one may yet be found to help you in carrying on a work the importance of which to the people of Cyprus

cannot well be exaggerated. Taking it on its lowest grounds, viz.: the inculcation of habits of method, economy, cleanliness, and truthfulness, I cannot but feel that the work is of incalculable value by training up young women who, whether as mistresses of schools or in their own domestic spheres, will afford examples of the behavior of a Christian woman for the imitation of others. If your work during the last two years has not received from the English community of Cyprus that material support which such a cause demands, you will allow me to say it is because it has been carried on so unobtrusively that you have not hinted that such support was needed or would be accepted. I beg to say that so long as I remain in Cyprus, I shall be happy to support one girl at the school, and I feel confident that the work you are doing only requires to be made known in order to receive material support from English people both here and in England."

From the New York *Examiner and Chronicler* of September 8th, we extract the following:

"Sir Robert Biddulph, High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of Cyprus, writes to the London *Times* acknowledging the good work accomplished in the girls' school at Larnaca, managed by women connected with the Woman's Union Missionary Society of New York, and asks aid of the British public for its continuance, pointing out that the expense should more justly fall on the British than on the American people."

Home Department.

Ready Responses.

A friend, who sent us in June $500, writes: "I want this to reach the Society in time to help the summer work among the dear missionaries who work so hard. You may think it best to appropriate some of the money for their summer vacation, for I feel so much for them in those warm countries. I am glad to tell you that this money is mainly derived from two dividends which I have not received in five or six years. So you see I feel quite rich, and want our dear Society to share it with me. I hope the Lord will accept the offering which He has given me to give Him again. This is my PETER'S GIFT."

Not long after our leaflet PETER'S GIFT was issued, a gentleman brought $30 as the first offering to our fund.

From Princeton, N. J., comes the following: "Please credit the Princeton Branch with the enclosed $100 as a donation to the Memorial Fund, from Mrs. Henry Lee Norris."

From Millstone, N. J.: "Enclosed find fifty dollars which the Millstone Mission Band, "Nimble Fingers," sends you in response to the urgent call on page 22 of the September number of the LINK."

Miss Emily E. Cole, of Elbridge, N. Y., writes: "I have read the earnest appeal for help. Enclosed please find an order for fifty dollars."

A warm friend writes: "I have just read in Sept. LINK the articles calling upon the friends of the Society to make this a Memorable Year, and send fifteen dollars. Please enter it as Prof. and Mrs. Anson D. Morse 'In Memoriam.'"

A gift of $7.25 comes to us from the women of the "Helping Hand," with the accompanying note: "I enclose check for $17.25 for W. U. M. S.; $7.25 is again the contribution of the self-sacrificing women of Olivet 'Helping Hand.' While so

needy themselves, we try to lead them to extend a helping hand to sisters in foreign lands more needy than themselves."

The steadfast friendship of those who have been helpers of our work for more than twenty years, is very gratifying. A lady who accepted the self-denying office of a collector for the Society when it was organized, and who is still faithful to her self-imposed task, tells us that not long since she received a note from another of our early subscribers, now more than eighty years old, saying that her subscription had been laid aside awaiting the call of the collector.

Ways and Means.

A young friend in Hudson, O., writes: "We would like any thing which could be read at our monthly meetings and arouse more interest, although if good attendance is the straw which shows how the wind blows, we have it in the right quarter. At our next gathering we are to note down items on Syria to recount, and also we manage to have curiosities to attract the youngest members. It is quite wonderful how many we find which friends have brought home, and mamma has lots. At our last meeting Mr. Nakaslisma, of Japan, gave us a very fine paper. He is in the Freshman class, so we all know him well enough to ask questions and learn things of interest. We hope to raise an increasing amount every year."

From another of our Bands in Ohio, we have this cheering intelligence: "Our Society has flourished during the past year, and we have about thirty-five members, and to each meeting we invite the college students, who are here only part of the year and do not care to join, but pay ten cents entrance fee. We found that our monthly meetings were not so well attended as the quarterly tea-parties, and therefore we have our gatherings in the evening now, and provide slight refreshment. As a result, we have nearly thrice as many as when we held our meetings in the afternoon. We gave another concert this spring, as we find a fair takes so much more time. This concert was quite a success."

A friend writes: "It will perhaps please you to hear of the copy of the LINK we have been reading this while past. A good old Scotch lady across the way receives it. When through, she sends it to us, and we in turn to my brother's family. It is then returned to Mrs. L., who again sends it out to do good. From this you will see how much good at least one copy has been doing."

The inventive genius of one of our earnest friends in New Jersey seems to be inexhaustible. The Band of which she is the leader take in plain sewing; they make button-holes and aprons, the fame of which extended beyond New Jersey, and brought an order from another State. Two of their dressed dolls went to Scotland. They have made candy for sale, and propose making cake also. Its leader also carries out the principle of the Society by giving aid to a feeble church in the neighborhood and by selling the work of a blind lady in indigent circumstances. It is superfluous to say that a revenue comes from such work, which has resulted in constituting several of the young ladies life members of the W. U. M. S., thus by a double cord binding them to the cause.

The Helping Hand has the following on Missionary Scrap-Books: "Miss Coles, of New Jersey, says: 'These scrap-books are very simply made. I use half sheets of writing paper (unruled is preferable). These are tied together with a ribbon, and separated at the meetings. One leaf is given to each boy and girl selected to read aloud from them to the meeting. * * I paste on each leaflet printed missionary items of interest or stories of missionary life, customs of people in mission lands, their products, descriptions of the people themselves, etc., and, indeed, whatever I believe will increase the interest of the young people in work for missions. I also paste an appropriate picture for an illustration on each leaflet. I have urged the Band to prepare its own scrap-book; but, thus far, I have prepared them alone. Their contents suit the ages of the members of our band (from five to fifteen years of age), a portion for each. I always find plenty of material to select from, because I am always using my "missionary spectacles," even when I take up our daily newspapers.'"

A Great Loss.

In unfeigned sorrow, and with a sense of having met no ordinary bereavement, we offer our tribute to the memory of

MRS. ELIZABETH W. BUDINGTON,

who has been closely identified with the interests of the Woman's Union Missionary Society since its formation in 1860. Her strong approval and wide personal influence stamped themselves upon the very inauguration of this special form of mission work, and she became not only one of the Society's first Vice-Presidents, but also a member of its Executive Board.

This active participation ceased only when the shadow of a great affliction fell upon her home, and even then she hoped at some future time to take up again her official duties, but this was not to be; increasing physical weakness and marked symptoms of heart disease followed the strain she had passed through, and she reluctantly laid down the cherished hope of meeting again with the little band of ladies to whom she felt strong personal attachment, although every detail connected with the public and private interests of the Society was ever received by her with peculiar interest.

In January Mrs. Budington was present at the Annual Social Reunion and Public Service held in the chapel of Rev. Dr. Storrs' Church in Brooklyn, and greatly enjoyed the associations of that interesting meeting.

Her death occurred suddenly in her native place, Canandaigua, N. Y., August 26th, and the following Sabbath she was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., by the side of her honored husband, Rev. William Ives Budington, D.D. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives" in death they were not long divided. * *

Mission-Band Department.

The Master of Imps.

There is an ugly picture in our Mission Room, 41 Bible House, representing a bloated dwarf having four arms and an elephant's head and trunk. This is one of the three hundred and thirty-three million gods worshipped by the people of India.

A good missionary tells us that Ganesh is said to be the son of Siva, one of the principal gods, and to be master of all evil and mischievous imps. As these imps are supposed to do all the harm they can, whoever wishes success in his plans must invoke the aid of Ganesh. If one is to take a journey or make a trade, he must pray to Ganesh, or he will be hindered. One of our missionaries says that carpenters when they have finished a day's work, will take a handful of mud and shape it rudely into an image of this god, setting it on guard over night lest some imp destroy the work. The story told about Ganesh is, that when a child, he angered one of the principal gods, who cut off his head, but the murderer, being sorry for what he had done, sought to replace the lost head by giving Ganesh the first one he met with. This happened to be an elephant's, and he placed it upon the shoulders of the boy. Heathen mothers take their little children before this huge and horrid image to give them the first lesson in idolatry. The little ones often shrink back in terror, but after a time they learn their lesson, and believe that such a creature exists, for they have never heard of the kind

and loving Jesus who put His hands upon the heads o the little ones and blessed them, saying: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Petitions of Little Ones.

A little girl in my Calcutta school was asked if she bowed down to the idol of the house. "Yes," she said, "when mother tells me I have to, but I go away immediately by myself, and fold my hands, and look up and say, 'O God, I have sinned, but do Thou forgive me. Thou knowest I cannot help myself because my mother will beat me.'" Hearing this made me think of Naaman, the Syrian, when he entered the house of Rimmon with his master. Some of the girls in my school pray somewhat in the following way: "O God, make me good, help me obey my parents, keep me from saying naughty words, and teach me to love every one." One little girl saw two others going up for an examination; she knelt down and asked God to keep their minds clear, so that they might pass successfully. They did. When she was going up she told them what she had done and how God had heard her prayer, and asked them to do the same for her. You see from this they are getting to believe in prayer.

A. SUNDER.

A Pupil in India *writes:*

"By the grace of God, to the honorable ladies. We are delighted with all the dolls you sent us. How pretty they are! We give you a hundred of millions of thanks

for the kindness you have shown us, and for the great trouble you took to send them from so far to us. Among us, the scholars of Goreefare school, are twelve girls married besides myself; the others are still unmarried. I was married the day on which the dolls were distributed; for that reason I was not at school, but the teacher kindly kept a doll for me which I received afterward. I am quite a little girl, and I am nine years old. Kindly accept this letter I have written to you."

Mexico.

(A paper prepared for a monthly meeting of the "Doremus" Band, Cincinnati, O., by one of its young members.)

Mexico is our nearest neighbor as a missionary field, and is a very interesting country at the present time. The productions of Mexico are just such as we import from abroad: coffee, cocoa, sugar, and all the tropical fruits.

The city of Mexico is one of the most beautiful in the world; it possesses a national museum, containing a very fine and extensive collection of paintings. The climate is delightful, and the supply of tropical fruits is inexhaustible.

In Mexico, as elsewhere, war was the predecessor of Christianity. The religious liberty and progress of Mexico date from the American war of 1847. The first time Protestant service was celebrated in the city of Mexico, was by the chaplain of General Scott after the triumphant entry of our troops into the capital. Bishop Haven says "that war carried the Bible and Protestant Church into Mexico. The soldiers brought the Book in their knapsacks; they could easily talk with the natives after a few months, and in their hours of sickness they translated its tender words into the common tongue; then, too, the Bible Society sent its agents with the armies who carried and scattered the Word wherever the troops marched."

The reading of the Bible resulted in the conversion of Rev. Francis Aguilar, the first preacher of the true faith in Mexico. At his death, his church applied for aid to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Rev. Dr. H. C. Riley (now Bishop) was sent to them and organized a church which he

called the Church of Jesus. President Juarez and family attended worship in the new church. A Dominican friar (Manuel Agnas) joined this church. He preached boldly, for which he was excommunicated by the Catholic Church, and soon after died; it was thought he was poisoned.

At the present day nearly all denominations are actively engaged in mission work in Mexico. Among the earliest and most successful laborers in the field was Miss Ranklin; she has accomplished an immense amount of good in the establishment of schools for girls, with the success of which many of us are familiar. It is said there are sixty-nine churches organized and flourishing throughout the Republic of Mexico. At least three fourths of the population of Mexico are Indians, who live in a semi-civilized state. They live in low huts thatched with straw, and are principally herdsmen or farmers. They are all anxious to learn. One day-laborer spent the last six cents he possessed in purchasing a Testament.

A letter from a missionary tells us of a blacksmith who holds two religious services on each Sabbath. He said that when he was a young man he, with others, walked barefooted over grounds strewn with sharp flint stones, with a crown of thorns upon his head, and a rope around his neck, thinking that thereby he imitated our Saviour. The good blacksmith now taxes his strength, not by penance, but by useful Christian labor.

Many Americans are now settling in Mexico, and many railroads are being built. The future prospects of the country are very cheering.

An Arabian Bride's Dress.

The time has come for the wedding, and we will go over to Ain Kesîn, about a mile away, and join in the bridal procession. As we come near the house we hear the women inside singing. They have been dressing the bride, and after she is dressed they lead her around and try to make her dance. Perhaps they will let us see how she is dressed. Her head is covered with a head-dress of pink gauze, embroidered with gold thread and purple chenille, and ornamented with pearl beads and artificial

flowers, and, over all, a long, white gauze veil, trimmed with lace. Her ear-rings are gold filigree-work, with pendant pearls, and around her neck is a string of pure amber beads and a gold necklace. She wears a jacket of black velvet, and a gilt belt embroidered with blue, and fastened with a silver gilt filigree buckle in the form of a bow-knot, with pendants. On her finger is a gold ring set with sapphires, and others with turquoises and amethysts. Her dress is of brown satin, and on her arms are solid gold bracelets, which cost 1,400 piastres, or fifty-six dollars.

Handûmeh is not a rich girl, and her betrothed is a hard-working muleteer. He has had to work very hard to get the money to buy all these things, for it is the custom for the bridegroom to pay for the bride's outfit. The people always lay out their money in jewelry, because it is easily carried, and easily buried in time of civil wars and troubles in the land.

The groom's brothers and relatives have come to take her to Abeih, but he is nowhere to be seen. It would not be proper for him to come to her house. For weeks she has not been over to Abeih, except to invite us to her wedding, and when a friend asked her on what day she was to be married, she professed not to know any thing about it. They think it is not modest for a bride to care any thing about the wedding, and she will try to appear unwiiling to go when they are ready to start. The house is crowded full, the men being all in one room with Shaheen, the groom, and the women in the other room and the court, with the bride, Handûmeh.

WOMEN OF THE ARABS.

Great Days in China.

If a little girl is born in China, she is looked upon as an outsider, for she will not keep up the family name, nor feed the spirits of her father and mother when they die. But a son is welcomed with joy and congratulation; and when three days old a feast is made to the god and goddess who are supposed to look after the children, teaching them to laugh and talk in their sleep. Two large and ten small bowls of rice, and some bean-curd are offered, candles lit, incense and gold paper burned.

The next event of importance is the shaving of the head for the first time, supposed to be done at the expiration of a month. A lucky day is selected. A long silken thread is placed round the child's neck during the operation, expressive of long life. It is at this time that the silver circlet so often seen round boys' necks is put on. It is supposed to act as a charm, and is never taken off until the age of sixteen. Among the poor, the silver circlet is often replaced by one of silk, the money for which is begged from friends, and, on the supposition that a hundred families contribute to its purchase, it is called the "hundred-family thread." It is chiefly used by parents who have lost several children, and who earnestly desire to preserve the life of this infant. A feast is also offered to the god of tranquility.

The next great day in the young life is the first birthday. The festivities of course vary in different places. At Hangchow, this feast is kept in a very lively manner. Miniature implements belonging to the four orders of Literati, Husbandmen, Artizans, and Traders, are placed on the table before the child, and whichever he first takes up is supposed to indicate the calling he will pursue in after life. If he seizes a pen he is "a born writer"; if he grasps a plough he will probably follow one.

This feast is accompanied by one for the spirits of the ancestors, and if the child should not be well, a small measure of rice is placed on his head, and various prayers said over it. The rice, being a good thing, is supposed to disperse the bad influences at work on the child. At the critical ages of three, six, and nine years, the priests are called in to chant prayers, and to make a cock pass seven times through a tub without a bottom; then, the child will pass safely through all the dangers of infancy. The priests pocket each time from four to five hundred cash. Should sickness come to the child, the idols are often consulted, lots cast for prescriptions, vows offered to wear the scarlet clothes of a convict, and have their hands manacled three times a year for three years.—*Adapted.*

NEW AUXILIARY.

Foreign Missionary Society of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Boston, Mass.

NEW MISSION BAND.

"Little Snow Flakes," Byron, Ogle Co., Ill., Miss Nellie Spalding, Sec. and Treas.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss Alice Parker, by Miss Emily E. Cole Elbridge, Onondaga, N. Y.
Miss Julia Smith, of Finderne, N. J., by "Nimble Fingers" Mission Band, Millstone, N. J.
Miss Matilda N. Hagamen, also by "Nimble Fingers" Mission Band, Millstone, N.J.

DONATIONS.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations for our Mission Stations:

For Calcutta. Three dressed dolls from Mrs. and Miss Van Wagenen, New York.

One doll from Mrs. Fred'k Van Wagenen, Newark, N. J.

A box of eighty-five dolls from the Baltimore Aux.; also a box from the "Bishop Cummins" Band.

Eighteen dressed dolls for the Calcutta Orphanage, from the "Harriet Holland" Band, Philadelphia.

Papers and patch-work for Miss Sunder, from Old South Union Band, Brooklyn.

A doll for Alice Wolcott, Calcutta Orphanage, Miss Wolcott, Astoria.

Two dolls from Schenectady, N. Y.

Cards for Miss Sunder, collected by children in Holly, N. Y.

From Chicago Branch, for Miss Sunder, two scrap-books and pictures, from Miss P. L. Smith.

From "Excelsior" Mission Band, Cranford, N. J.: three dozen dolls, nine scrap-books, patch-work, papers, etc.

Morris Plains Band, N. J., forty-two dolls.

Ninety-six dressed dolls from Peoria, Ill.

One hundred dressed dolls from "A Friend" in Irvington-on-Hudson, for Miss Hook.

Thirty-six dolls from the Norwalk Band and "Little Helpers," Norwalk, Conn.

From Mrs. F. W. Morris, Philadelphia, pieces of calico by the yard.

For Calcutta Orphanage. From Franklinville, N. J., a box of dolls, cards, pictures, etc.

From Badger Band, MS. scrap-book, dolls, papers, etc.

A box for Mary W. Dwight, in Calcutta Orphanage, from Mrs. Mary W. Dwight, Orange, N. J.

Box of dolls from Staten Island Branch.

For Elvira E. Wilson, in Calcutta Orphanage, from "Nimble Fingers" Band, Millstone, N. J., an album quilt.

From "Drops in the Bucket," Morristown, N. J., per Mrs. G. W. Colles: three boxes of gifts, silver thimble, scrap-books, reins, etc., etc., forty-seven packages inclusive.

One dozen dolls, dressed by Mrs. I. Morris and Miss A. Morris, Philadelphia. Illuminated text by Mrs. Morris. Book, "Story of the Gospel," and papers by Miss M. A. Longstreth, Philadelphia.

Japan. From Mrs. Munroe and friends, Southport, Conn., gifts in dolls, aprons, picture-cards, etc.

From Chicago Branch, thirty-two illustrated cards of Scripture texts in Japanese.

From "Lily" Band, Guilford, Conn, per Miss S. Brown, dolls, patch-work, fancy articles, and toys.

Cawnpore. For Miss Ward: one lambrequin, tidy, etc., from Mrs. Tirrell and Miss Wilson. Table-cover from Miss Tirrell. Two boxes of dolls and calico from Mrs. Mairs, Irvington, N. Y.

Seventeen dolls from a friend in Irvington, N. Y.

A large collection of illustrated papers for different stations, from Mrs. Proudfit, Highlands, N. J.

For Miss Lathrop, Allahabad, India, from Mrs. J. G. Knapp, Auburn, N. Y., package of jackets for natives, buttons, Christmas cards, etc.

From Rockford, Ill., box containing waterproof apron, books, pictures, one dozen dolls, etc.

From Chicago Branch, "Snow Flake" Band, Byron, Ill., box for Miss Lathrop.

Picture-cards, for different stations, from Phebe Maclean, Princeton, N. J.

Patch-work from "Earnest Workers" Band, Roselle, N. J.

RECEIPTS *of the Woman's Union Missionary Society from July 26, to September 30, 1881.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Portsmouth, Mrs. H. C. Knight, . $2 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, Professor and Mrs. Anson D. Morse, "In Memoriam," for Memorial fund, . 15 00
Dorchester, Miss Eliza P. Beal, for Memorial fund, . . . 5 00

$20 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Newport, Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, donation, . . $100 00

CONNECTICUT.

Bethel, Mrs. G. A. Hickok, for Memorial fund, . . . 25 00
Guilford, "Lily Band," Miss Belle Osborn, Treas., . . . 60 00
New Haven, Miss Hillhouse, annual subn., per Mrs. T. M. Dexter, ... 5 00
Southport, Mrs. E. B. Monroe, for Memorial fund, 25; for "Links," leaflets, and freight on box, 3; Mrs. Mary Jackson, for Japan, 1., . . . 29 00

$119 00

NEW YORK.

Albany, Albany Branch, Mrs. Frederick Townsend, Treas.: Miss J. A. Lansing, 5; Miss Van Schaick, through Mrs. J. Townsend Lansing, 7; "Willing Workers," Port Henry, N. Y., Miss Isabelle W. Bulkley, Treasurer, for "Kaku Sudo," in Yokohama, 30, . . . 42 00
Catskill, Anna Hull Memorial Band, Mrs. S. R. Penfield, Treas., for freight on box, . 3 00
Corona, "Leverich Memorial Band," Mrs. F. J. Leverich, Treas., ... 16 16
Elbridge, Miss Emily E. Cole, Memorial fund, for Bible-reader in Allahabad, and to constitute Miss ALICE PARKER, L.M., 50 00
Ithaca, ladies of Ithaca, per Miss J. L. Hardy, of which, through Miss Morgan, 93, and for "Link," 50c., ... 93 50
New Brighton, S. I., Staten Island Branch, Miss Pott, Treas., . 25 00
New York, Mrs. McHarg, subscription and "Link," . . 5 00
Mrs. E. H. Talcott, donation and "Link," 2 06
A friend, ... 1 00
Mr. Z. Stiles Ely and the Misses Ely, "In Memoriam," . . 100 00

$337 72

NEW JERSEY.

Chatham, Oak Ridge Mission Band, per Miss S. Wallace, for "Champa," in Calcutta, . 50 00
Millstone, Millstone Mission Band, "Nimble Fingers," by Mrs E. T. Corwin, for Memorial fund, and to constitute Miss JULIA SMITH, Finderne, N. J., and Miss MATILDA N. HAGAMEN, Blackwell's Mills, N. J., life members, ... 50 00
Morris Plains, Mrs. Buttolph, for expenses of box, . . . 2 00
Morristown, "Drop in the Bucket" Band, per Mrs. G. W. Colles: for "Virginia Loyall Farragut," William Winston Merrell, 2; Seymour Winston Merrell, 2; Henry Winston Merrell, 2, ... 6 00
Newark, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Wagenen, for Memorial fund, and for Miss Hook's work, . 25 00
New Brunswick, New Brunswick Aux., Miss M. A. Campbell, Treas., Bethel School: for child in India, 15; for general treasury, 16.89, ... 31 89
Princeton, Princeton Branch, Miss E. L. A. Brown, Treas., Mrs. Henry Lee Norris, for Memorial fund, ... 100 00

$264 89

PENNSYLVANIA.

Lancaster, Miss S. S. Le Fevre, 1 00
Philadelphia, Philadelphia Branch, Mrs. Charles B. Keen, Treas.:
For support of Miss Lathrop, 196 00
" " Miss Hook, 196 00
" " Miss Jones' substitute, ... 196 00
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